The Wanamaker Primer on Abraham Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln Centenary

1909

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THE WANAMAKER
LINCOLN HEART

WANAMAKER
ORIGINATOR

The Wanamaker Primer

on

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Full-Rounded Man

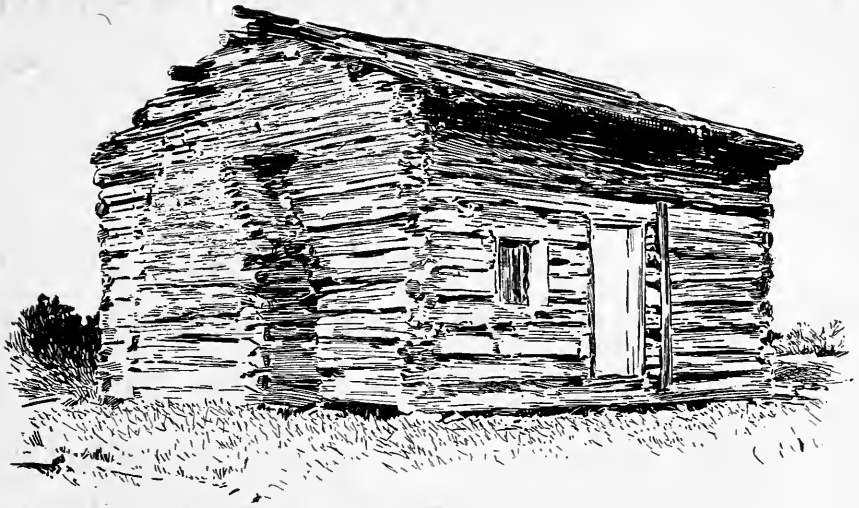
The Typical American
Example of

The Rule of Four

WANAMAKER—ORIGINATOR

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

President Lincoln and his son, Tad Lincoln.
(From War Department collection.)



(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
The cabin where Lincoln was born.

THE HUMBLE BIRTH

"*Nancy's got a baby boy.*"

So announced Thomas Lincoln one cold morning in February to Dennis Hanks, his cousin, who tells in his own quaint way the story of the birth of the savior of the Nation.

Abraham Lincoln was born in that old tumble-down log

cabin near Hodgenville, La Rue (then called Hardin) County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

Let Dennis Hanks paint the picture:

"Tom an' Nancy [Lincoln's father and mother] lived on a farm about two miles from us when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow:

" '*Nancy's got a baby boy.*'

"Mother got flustered, an' hurried up her work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

"You bet I was tickled to death! Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods of

Kaintucky. Mother come over an' washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. *An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got.* . . .

"Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve any as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom used to joke about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin. He growed out o' his clo'es faster'n Nancy could make 'em."

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, by Augustus St. Gaudens.

THE MARTYR DEATH

Fifty-six years later, at 22 minutes after 7 on the morning of Saturday, April 15, 1865, Secretary Edwin M. Stanton closed the eyes of this boy, then in the full prime of manhood—the President of the United States: a man whom Stanton had first fought, then sneered at, and then finally loved with his big heart—and whispered to the friends in the death-chamber:

"*Now he belongs to the ages.*"

The night before, when Lincoln was shot down at Ford's Theatre in Washington by John Wilkes Booth, Tad Lincoln, the

favorite son of his father, came running into the White House and said to Thomas Pendel, the faithful old doorkeeper: "*Tom Pen! Tom Pen! They've killed papa dead—they've killed papa dead!*"

The night before his death Lincoln had a dream, the same dream which in his life had been the forerunner of great events. He often told to his friends that the night before the battles of Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, he had this same dream—that he was in a strange ship moving rapidly toward a dark and indefinite shore. When he had this dream on the night of April 13th, he said himself the next day that some important thing was going to

happen. It was Good Friday. He attended the Cabinet meeting during the day, at which General Grant was present, and he told the Cabinet of his dream. In the afternoon Lincoln took his wife driving, and she afterward told a friend that she had never been so happy in her whole life as on that afternoon.

Both Lincoln and Grant had been invited to go to Ford's Theatre that night, and both were warned by Stanton that it might be dangerous to expose themselves in public when the people were yet excited over the closing events of the War. Grant, whether influenced by the warning or not, went to visit his children in a Northern

school. Lincoln went to the theatre. He was acclaimed by the great audience and given a grand demonstration. Suddenly during the progress of the play there was a pistol shot, a shrill voice shouted: "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and Lincoln dropped in his chair, never to speak another word.

Walt Whitman has vividly portrayed this scene in his great poem—

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
The bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, the eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage clos'd and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, while my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

THE WONDERFUL LIFE

CHAPTER I

Lincoln—The Man of Strength

Lincoln is the great American example of the boy developing into the full-rounded man.

As you read the story of his life, from his humble birth, told so simply by Dennis Hanks, to his tragic death, you will realize that everything he did he did—

With all his Strength,
With all his Mind,
With all his Heart,
With all his Will.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln in 1864, showing the strong features of his face.

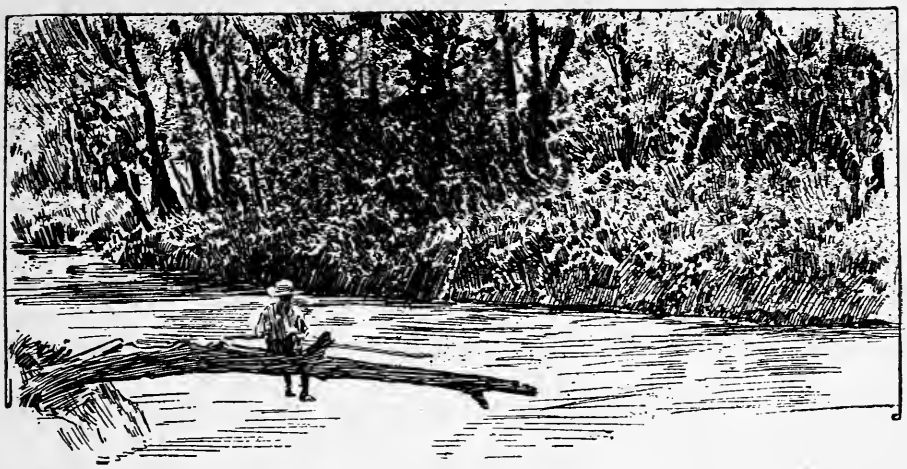
Lincoln was a boy among boys. He was full of animal spirits. He delighted in childish pranks. He liked to play. He had his favorite swimming hole, like other boys. He had his boyish tragedies and his boyish comedies. He was intensely human.

From the time his father, Thomas Lincoln, put an ax into Abe's hands and together they built their first log cabin in their new home in Indiana, to the very day of his death, Lincoln was a man of great physical strength, energy and endurance.

Abe's neighbors said he was lazy. Abe himself once said that "his father taught him to work, but he never learned

him to love it." Often while working on a neighbor's farm he would gather the men about the stump which he was trying to uproot, and in his droll manner tell them a story. This story-telling habit Lincoln never lost, and later in his life, when he was plunged in the depths of his country's misery and despair, he himself said that it was his one safety valve which prevented him from going insane.

But there was something going on in the MIND of this tall, gaunt boy which made a neighbor once stop when he passed Abe sitting on a rail fence, and say to his son: "*Mark my word, John, that boy will make a great man of himself some day.*"



(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln's fishing and swimming hole.

Many tales are told of the physical strength of Lincoln. When 14 years old he was over six feet tall, lank and wiry, "*as strong as an ox;*" and the farmers used to say to one another: "*Abe Lincoln can carry a load three ordinary men can hardly lift.*" And one time, so the story runs, young Lincoln, "seeing three or four men preparing 'sticks on which to carry some huge posts,' relieved them of all further

trouble by *shouldering the posts alone* and carrying them to the place where they were wanted."

Another neighbor used to say: "*Abe could strike with a maul a heavier blow than any other man, and could sink an ax deeper into the wood than any other man I ever saw.*" And Dennis Hanks often said that when Lincoln was chopping trees in the woods the trees came crashing down so fast *that you would think three men were at work!*

W. O. Stoddard, the only surviving private secretary to President Lincoln, tells this story of Abe's first trip to New Orleans:

> Abe had long since given up the idea of earning a living behind the counter of Jones's store, or any other that he knew of. He was under bonds to his father, but he made an attempt to obtain employment as a boat-hand on the river. His age was against him in

his first effort, but his opportunity was coming to him. In the month of March, 1828, he hired himself to Mr. Gentry, the great man of Gentryville. His duties were to be mainly performed at Gentry's Landing, near Rockport, on the Ohio River. There was a great enterprise on foot, or rather in the water, at Gentry's Landing, for a flatboat belonging to the proprietor was loading with bacon and other produce for a trading trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. She was to be under the command of young Allen Gentry, but would never return to the Ohio, *for flatboats are built to go down with the stream and not for pulling against it.*

The flatboat was cast loose from her moorings in April, and swept away down the river, with Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar. *No such craft ever had a longer or stronger pair of arms pledged to keep her blunt nose well directed.*

At the plantation of Madame Duchesne, six miles below Baton Rouge, the flatboat was moored for the night against the landing and the keepers were sound asleep in their little kennel of a cabin. They slept until the sound of stealthy footsteps on the deck aroused Allen Gentry and he sprang to his feet. There could be no doubt as to the cause of the disturbance. A gang of negroes had boarded the boat for plunder, and they would think lightly enough, now they were discovered, of knocking the two traders on the head and throwing them into the river.

"*Bring the guns, Abe!*" shouted Allen. "*Shoot them!*"

The intruders were not to be scared away by even so alarming an outcry; and in an instant more Abe was among them, not with a gun, but with a serviceable club. They fought well, and one of them gave their tall enemy (Lincoln) a wound, the scar of which

he carried with him to his grave; but his strength and agility were too much for them. He beat them all off the boat, not killing any one man, but convincing the entire party that they had boarded the wrong "broad-horn."

John Hay, President Lincoln's private secretary, and afterward McKinley's and Roosevelt's Secretary of State, gives us this record of some of the rails Lincoln split to enclose his new home.

With the assistance of John Hanks *he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the tall walnut trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence.* Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when the appearance of John Hanks in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and passionate enthusiasm whose results would reach to endless generations.

"*Abe never gave Nancy no trouble*," said old Dennis Hanks, "*after he could walk, excep' to keep him in clothes.* Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet

buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet; birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. *An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crik, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy.* Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."

But Abraham Lincoln DID grow up, *and he grew up healthy and strong because he lived the* NATURAL LIFE, and that

is the secret of his wonderful constitution.

Abe's grandfather, after whom he was named, had moved into the forest country of Kentucky with Daniel Boone. And here he was shot to death by the Indians when his son Tom, Abe's father, was only six years old.

Thomas Lincoln grew up a poor, wandering orphan. He did not even learn to write his own name until after he married Nancy Hanks, Abraham's mother, who taught him to read and write a little. But Thomas Lincoln was a good, strong, healthy man, and his baby boy, little Abe, had a good start in life with a sound, strong body.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Rock Spring, on the Lincoln farm in Kentucky.

The Lincoln family, of course, lived very simply. The little boy had only the plainest food to eat, and not too much of that. It may seem strange, but it is far better to have *too little* to eat than *too much*.

Young Abe lived very much like the wild animals in the woods around the little cabin where he was born. He spent most of the time out of doors, playing by the clear, crystal spring, called Rock

Spring, hiding in the woods and running along the banks of Knob Creek.

In the evening, while it was growing dark, Thomas Lincoln sometimes told Abraham and his sister Sarah, two years older, thrilling stories of his adventures with Indians and the wild game he used to hunt. Their mother often read to them from the *Bible*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and a few other books, for books were very scarce in Kentucky in those days.

The children went to bed almost as early as the birds. Abe climbed up to his low loft overhead by means of pegs driven into the logs, instead of stairs. He slept on a bed of leaves, very much as the birds

sleep. He grew up, breathing in the health and strength of the pure air around him, just as the wild creatures that he learned to know nearly as well as we know the horses, chickens and household pets about our homes to-day.

In this way Abraham Lincoln began in his early days to gather and store up the health and strength he needed for the great toils and tasks of his later life.

All through life Lincoln maintained this STRENGTH OF BODY, without which no man or boy can accomplish great things. When out among the farmers one day, seeking votes, when running for the State Legislature, he was told by the men in the harvest

field that they would not vote for a man who could not "hold his own with the cradle." *Abe took hold of the scythe, cut the widest swath, and distanced all the farmers, gaining, it is said, by this feat no less than thirty votes.*

Still later in life, when at Washington, even during the most critical periods of the War, Lincoln would take his usual long walks, thus keeping at par his robust constitution and maintaining at its maximum capacity the physical machinery which a sturdy mother and a kind Nature gave him at birth.

While he was President of the United States, millions of people marveled and talked about his wonderful strength

and ENDURANCE OF BODY AND MIND, which enabled him to bear the terrific strain of toil and anxiety. He would go night after night with little

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln during the critical days of the War.

or no sleep during the terrible times of the Civil War. *The people did not then realize that he began laying in his stock of strength when he was a little boy living in the log huts in his "old Kentucky home" and in the camp and cabin of Indiana.*

Strength, you know, comes from *health*. Health comes from *right living*. Right living is merely *living in harmony with Nature*. The laws of Health are: nourish the body, but do not overfeed it; exercise the body, but give it proper rest to recuperate; cleanse the body, within and without; do not abuse the body; breathe deeply of pure fresh air; and think good thoughts.

Lincoln must have lived according to all these laws of

Nature, or he would not have had the *physical strength* to carry him through the long vigils of the Civil War and to assume the burdens of the entire country.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
The strong Lincoln profile—1861.

CHAPTER II

LINCOLN—THE MAN OF MASTER MIND

Strength comes from the body—which is visible.

Intellect comes from the mind—which is invisible.

Yet the caliber of each is judged by RESULTS.

We can judge the physical Lincoln by his feats of strength. We must judge the mental Lincoln, not by the schooling or education he received from teachers, *but by his words and deeds.*

There are just two ways of developing the mind—

1. By taking in through the windows of our physical senses all the *useful information* about men and things that we can get hold of.

2. By exercising, strengthening, enlarging and drawing out the *innate positive qualities* of our minds.

Lincoln always had the windows of his mind wide open to the world. He went not long to school, nor was he surrounded by a large library, nor did he have great teachers to pump into him all the learning of the ages, but he had that wonderful twofold faculty of "*taking in things*" and then of being able to *classify his knowledge and to bring it into action at the proper time.* One lesson of Lincoln's life may be that *it is*

more important to fill our minds with a few essential truths than it is to saturate our brains with a smattering of everything.

What books Lincoln read, he remembered and digested. What learning he acquired by his own efforts, he made use of in a practical way.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Dennis Hanks, cousin of Lincoln's mother. It was through his influence that the Lincolns moved into Illinois in 1830, and he contributed some of the most important facts of Lincoln's early history after Lincoln's death in 1865.

Let Dennis Hanks again tell the story, as he has told it in *The American Magazine*, for Dennis was the cousin and playmate of Lincoln and grew up with him.

"I reckon it was thinkin' o' Nancy," says Dennis Hanks, "an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next Winter. He could read an' write, Nancy an' me'd l'arnt him that much, an' he'd gone to school a spell, but it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school anyhow. Tom said it was a waste o' time, an' I reckon he was right. But Nancy kep' urgin' Abe. '*Abe,*' she'd say, '*you l'arn all you kin, an' be some account,*' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it done Abe good.

"Well, me'n Abe spelled through Webster's spellin' book twict before he got tired. *Then he tuk to writin' on the puncheon floor, the fence rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit o' charcoal.* We got some wrappin' paper over to Gentryville, an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. It et the paper into holes. Got so I could cut good pens out o' turkey buzzard quills. It pestered Tom a heap to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was jist wrapped up in it.

"'*Denny,*' he sez to me many a time, '*look at that, will you? "Abraham Lincoln." That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me.*' An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to Abe. When Tom got mad at his markin' the house up, Abe tuk to markin' trees Tom wanted to cut down, with his name, an' writin' it in the sand at the deer lick.

"I reckon Abe'd 'a' got discouraged about l'arnin' after awhile if it hadn't be'n fur his stepmother. We was all nigh about tickled to death when Tom brung a new wife home. She'd be'n Sairy Bush, an' Tom'd be'n in love with 'er before he met up with Nancy,

but her folks wouldn't let Tom have 'er, because he was shif'less. So she married a man named Johnston, an' he died. Then her an' Tom got married. She had three children of 'er own an' a four hoss wagon load o' goods; feather pillers an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts an' a chist o' drawers, an' a flax wheel, an' a soap kettle, an' cookin' pots an' pewter dishes.

"Yes, Aunt Sairy was a woman o' propputy an' could 'a' done better, I reckon, but Tom had a kind o' way with the women, an' maybe it was somethin' she tuk comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none. She made a heap more o' Tom, too, than pore Nancy did. Before winter he'd put in a new floor, he'd whipsawed an' planed it off so she could scour it; made some good beds an' cheers, an' tinkered at the roof so it couldn't snow in on us boys that slep' in the loft. Purty soon we had the best house in the kentry. Thar was eight of us then to do fur, but Aunt Sairy had faculty an' didn't 'pear to be hurried or worried none.

"She wasn't thar very long before she found out how Abe hankered after books. She heerd him talkin' to me, I reckon. '*Denny*,' he'd say, '*the things I want to know is in books. My best friend's the man who'll git me one.*'

"Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cordwood. *Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy*, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: 'See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that,' but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a heap.

"'Abe,' sez I, many a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'

"'Mighty darned good lies,' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to hisself, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed.

"I reckon Abe read that book (*Arabian Nights*) a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin' much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. *He cut four cords o' wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a life o' Washington; an' he'd lay over the Statoots* (Statutes) *o' Indiany half the night.*

"We'd git hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe l'arned Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book o' fables some'ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firin' a yarn at 'em.

"'Abe,' sez I, 'whar did you git so blamed many lies?' An' he'd always say, '*Denny, when a story l'arns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. God tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common folks to understand an' ricollect.*' His stories was like that.

"Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. *When noon come he'd set under a tree, an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night, he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read.* Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantel-tree piece fur him, if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything she'd give him that he could gnaw at an' read at the same time. I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin'

anybody was 'round, an' sneak out agin like a cat, an' say: 'Well, I'll be darned.' It didn't seem natural, nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the children pester him. *She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hendered.*

"You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' polytician 'r a school teacher'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say: *'Light, stranger,'* like it was polite to do. *Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail, an' begin firin' questions.* Tom'd tell him to quit, but it didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side o' the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' fire sticks at the snow-birds an' whistle li! e he didn't keer.

"'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. *There's so many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know 'em?'* "

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln in 1858.

Lincoln always lived close to Nature and learned from Nature. He always had his

eyes and ears wide open. He "sensed" things naturally without effort, and learned things which it took other men, called scholars, years to get into their heads.

Lincoln had greatly developed the power of *attention* and of *concentration*, because he became *interested* in everything of importance that he took up.

Attention, you know, is merely fixing your mind intently on a thing.

Concentration is simply prolonged attention.

Lincoln was a great listener. He could empty his mind of everything except the one thing that he wanted to hear and learn about.

Lincoln also had a strong memory —"he would go to church," says Dennis Hanks again, "an' come home *an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher.* He'd often do it fur Aunt Sairy, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was jist as good as goin' herself."

Lincoln also had a powerful imagination—that architect of our minds which builds up and joins thoughts into ideas and judgments. He could throw on the screen of his mind the essential facts of a case and reach a sound conclusion better than any other man of his day. This faculty gave him that *sound judgment*, that *judicial mind*, which carried him and the country through the crises of the Civil War.

There are three kinds of bad judgments, you know:

(1) *Hasty judgment;* (2) *Mistaken judgment;* and (3) *Prejudiced judgment.*

The statesmen and officials at Washington were sometimes annoyed when Lincoln would turn aside the grave discussion with a story. *This was often done to gain a little more time*, so that he would not make a bad judgment through haste. He would also, with his stories, aim to get more time *to learn all the facts in the case;* and again, to rid himself and those who were presenting the facts to him of any *prejudice* that might influence his judgment.

Emerson said of Lincoln's story telling:

It was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and *to catch the true instinct and temper of every company he addressed.* And more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln in 1864. (From War Dept. collection.)

CHAPTER III

"HONEST ABE"

The Heart Side of Lincoln

While clerking in a store at New Salem, Illinois, Lincoln sold a bill of goods during the day, and when checking up his work at night found he had charged a customer a "levy" (12½ cents) too much. He locked up his store at 10 o'clock, walked several miles, and returned the money to the customer.

Another time, upon opening the store, he found a four-ounce weight on the scales. Realizing that he had not given a customer the night before as

much tea as had been paid for, he walked out to her home before breakfast and delivered the rest of the tea before he could eat.

Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, said that he never could get Abe to charge a large enough fee.

Is it any wonder that with such characteristics Lincoln soon came to be called "HONEST ABE"?

With all his other wonderful qualities—his great physical strength and endurance, his strong mind, and his forceful will—*Lincoln is perhaps the greatest example in history of RELIABILITY.* His word was as good as his bond. He always kept his promises. He did everything "*with all his heart*"—*and his heart*

was right and true. He was *just* and *fair* always, but he was *merciful* and *kind* as well.

The life of Lincoln is filled with examples of his big heart. He could not tell a lie, yet he would never say or do anything that would hurt anyone's feelings. He would go out of his way to help even a dumb animal. It is related that when going to a Cabinet meeting one day in Washington, he found a little wounded bird on the sidewalk. He simply would not go on, even though it delayed the Cabinet meeting, until he got that little bird safe in its mother's nest.

While still a small boy, Abraham began to show that his heart was right. He was

kind to his sister, who was always fond and proud of her young brother. After he became President he told this little story of his only recollection of the War of 1812:

> I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road, and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish.

This must have happened when he was less than six years old. Another thing he did before he left Kentucky, at seven years of age, was to cut, with untiring labor and pains, spicewood boughs to burn in the open fireplace, to make a bright light and a pleasant perfume while his mother read stories to him and his sister from the *Bible* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Tears of indignation and pity often sprang to the tender-hearted boy's eyes when he saw his fellows ill-treating helpless animals. Once he caught several of them putting live coals on the back of a mud-turtle with a shingle. He snatched the shingle from the hands of one mischievous boy, knocked off the coals with it, then began to punish the lad for his cruelty. His first writing in school was in defense of dumb animals. Nat Grigsby, one of his boy friends, said of him afterward: "*He first wrote short sentences against 'cruelty to animals,' and at last came forward with a regular composition on the subject.*"

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Sarah Bush Lincoln. She was an important factor in the development of the strong character of her stepson, Abraham Lincoln, having entered the Lincoln home when little Abe was ten years old.

When he was nine years old, Lincoln's own mother died. He seldom spoke of her after he grew up, but when he did mention her it was in fervent tones of deepest tenderness. Once he said of her: "*All I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother.*"

Lincoln was brought up by a stepmother, *and yet he loved her.* He came from the people, and *he loved his people.* He loved even his enemies, and even the people of the South learned after the close of the War that *his armies were sent against them not in anger but in love.* He had greatly developed the heart quality of SYMPATHY. He was brought up in a rough and uncouth country, yet he had innate the

virtues of *courtesy* and *politeness*. He had developed to an enormous degree the three great heart qualities of—

Faith,
Hope, and
Charity;

and above all else he was LOYAL—loyal to the American people, who had placed upon him the responsibility of saving the great American nation.

Pure in body and in mind and temperate in his living, he is the greatest all-around example of the MAN OF HEART that history has yet produced.

Wayne Whipple's *Lincoln Story Calendar* relates many tales of his kindness of heart:

The story is told "of a little girl weeping at the gate because the hackman had failed to call for her trunk, and Lincoln promptly shouldered it and put both trunk and girl on the train, and sent her off for her first outing on the cars, smiling through her tears; of a pig stuck in the mud, squealing helplessly, when Lincoln and his law comrades passed on their way to the next court—the others laughed over the pig's plight after they had passed, but its helpless cries rang in Lincoln's ears till he could bear it no longer; so he returned, and with one fence-rail for a fulcrum and another for a lever, pried the pig out of the mire, and traveled the rest of that day alone, muddy but content."

To the first $500 fee Lincoln received he added $250, which he actually had to borrow, to invest in a quarter-section of land to make his stepmother's declining years more comfortable. *Lincoln, when in prosperity, never neglected his "step" relations.* Several good stories are told of his giving money to his good-for-nothing stepbrother, and of his leaving the comforts and comradeship of a hotel, even

during the exhaustion of his great debates with Douglas, to walk miles through rain and mud to call upon some distant relative. Once, when it was suggested that he needed the rest and shelter, he seemed shocked at the wickedness of such a thought, exclaiming: "*Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her.*"

Many stories are told of Lincoln's tenderness, which was as sensitive as a child's, while he traveled the Eighth Illinois Circuit as a country lawyer. The hardships of his life and the callousing experiences of the legal profession never hardened his heart in the least. Late one very cold night,

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

The smiling Lincoln

(A rare expression)

Lincoln, the constable, and others, were returning from a hard day's work at threshing, when they found an intoxicated man lying in the freezing mud and ice of the roadside. The others said: "He has made his bed, let him lie in it;" but this seemed utterly monstrous to Abraham. The rest went on to their homes, but he bent his strong frame, gathered the dead weight of the large, heavy drunken man, and carried him eighty rods to a deserted hut, where he made a fire and warmed, chafed and nursed his unconscious patient all that night through. The man afterward said: "*It was mighty clever in Abe to tote me to a warm fire that cold night*," and the poor fellow

believed that the strong young man's kindness had saved his life.

When the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, they plodded through muddy prairies and forded swollen streams in a big covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. One afternoon about dusk, after they had floundered through a creek filled with broken ice, they discovered that they had left behind them a little dog, a pet of one of the family. The rest were for going on and leaving the cur behind, as it was already late, and to go back with the oxen was out of the question. But Abraham saw the little dog on the other bank, running up and down and yelping in

distress. Referring once to this incident, he said: "*I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog.* Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Soon after this, in Illinois, Lincoln was often without work; so he spent his time helping others who needed help, without pay. It was said of him that "*he visited the widow and fatherless, and chopped their wood.*"

Once, while he was a captain in the Black Hawk War, he stepped in and kept some

soldiers, who believed that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," from shooting an old redskin as a spy, even at the risk of his own life. The angry soldiers threatened him for interfering, and he indignantly retorted, as he rolled up his sleeves: *"I'll tell you what—I'll fight you all. Take it out of me, if you can; but you shan't touch this Indian. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."*

One day, when traveling across country from one court to another with several lawyer friends, Lincoln was suddenly missed.

"Where's Lincoln?" asked one.

"Oh! when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hands, hunting for their nest." He had seen the young birds fluttering on the ground in a thicket, had hitched his horse, caught the birds, and was going about searching tree after tree for the nest from which the fledglings had fallen.

An hour later, when Lincoln caught up with his friends, they laughed at him for wasting his time in such a childish way. He replied with great earnestness:

"Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

Lincoln's heart taught him *true politeness.* He was by nature kind and gentle—a *gentle-man*,

without the superficial veneer or "polish" which often passes for gentility. He had a "heart of oak," true, loyal, grateful—never forgetting a favor. One day, not long before he started for Washington to assume the reins of government, an old woman whom he called "Aunt Sally" came to see him. He was talking with two men of national renown, but he rushed to meet her, seated her in the chair of honor, introduced his distinguished guests, and put her at ease by telling what good times he used to have at her house on "Sangamon Bottom."

"*Gentlemen*," said he, "*this is a good old friend of mine. She can bake the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she has baked them for me many a time.*"

Then "Aunt Sally" pulled out a huge pair of coarse yarn socks and handed them to Mr. Lincoln. He took the stockings by the toes, holding one in each hand beside his great feet, as he exclaimed:

"*She got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she, gentlemen?*"

Then he took both the good woman's hands in his, told her how pleased he was with her remembrance, and promised to take the stockings to Washington, wear them in the White House, and think of her when he did so. And he *meant* it, every word! He was incapable of winking or laughing behind dear "Aunt Sally's" back. His heart was too kind and loyal for anything like

that, though it was full of fun, for he had the keenest possible sense of the ludicrous. *To Lincoln there could be nothing funny in any act of sincere kindness from a good old friend.*

There came the severest test of Lincoln's HEART after he became President. His Cabinet was made up of his political rivals, who insulted him by their patronizing airs. Each and all thought Lincoln's election a grand blunder.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln and his famous beaver hat. (From Meserve collection, New York.)

Seward, as Secretary of State, generously offered to run things if Lincoln would

only keep his hands off and hold back the rest of the Cabinet. Lincoln, with gentle firmness, without telling any one of the Secretary's fault and weakness, converted a jealous rival into a staunch friend.

Chase was allowed to go on using his position as Secretary of the Treasury against his silent chief, but Lincoln disposed of Chase with a shrewd kindness which was then called "diplomacy."

And Stanton, brusque, bitter, caustic, overbearing, insolent, abusive Stanton, who had called Lincoln an "imbecile," an "ogre," a "gorilla" and a "fool," was transformed into a loyal, devoted, staunch friend and admirer of his chief. Mind

alone could never have mastered Stanton. It was the Great Heart and the Great Will in the White House that finally conquered his domineering Secretary of War.

There was something more than human about Lincoln's CHARITY. He seemed to think no less of any man because that man hated and abused Abraham Lincoln. Few men can comprehend such unheard-of generosity. Lincoln could see the good in a man regardless of the way that man treated him. He endured the worst treatment on the part of his subordinates, for the sake of the country—yes, and for the sake of those subordinates themselves. After General McClellan

had insulted him, an attending officer protested, but Lincoln replied: "*I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will win us a battle.*"

Lincoln had the unselfish, self-denying, self-effacing, self-giving HEART. He was a martyr in spirit, through his love of mankind, years before his actual martyrdom came to pass. He had learned to rule his spirit long ago in the cheerless cabins of Kentucky,

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln at 48. (When preparing for this picture, Lincoln's stubby hair was smoothed down by the photographer, but disliking the result he ran his fingers through it just a moment before the picture was taken.) (From the Fay collection, Illinois.)

Indiana and Illinois. His father was harsh and unjust, calling his only son foolish and lazy when he was really wise and untiring in his industry. He early learned to be kind and true even while smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong. He learned his first lessons and solved his first problems in charity as he lay before the fire, studying by its light and working out simple sums on his father's wooden shovel. His "charity for all" was exercised when that "all" meant only the few of his own family and his pioneer neighbors—and again when "all" meant all the American people.

Ida M. Tarbell, in her book *He Knew Lincoln*, tells this typical

heart story of how "Billy Brown Goes to Visit the President"—

"That night I footed it up to the Soldiers' Home, where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers in their tents. There was lots of people settin' around in a little room waitin' fer him. There wa'n't anybody there I knowed, and I was feelin' a little funny, when a door opened and out come little John Nicolay. Well, John didn't seem over glad to see me. 'Have you an appointment with Mr. Lincoln?' he says. *'No, sir,'* I says; *'I ain't, and it ain't necessary. . . . Tell him Billy Brown's here, and see what he says.'*

"In about two minutes the door popped open and out come Mr. Lincoln, his face all lit up. He saw me first thing, and he laid hold of me, and just shook my hands fit to kill. *'Billy,'* he says, *'now I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary and me.'*

"He had a right smart of people to see, but as soon as he got through we went out on the back stoop and set down and talked and talked. He asked me about pretty nigh everybody in Springfield. I just let loose and told him about the weddin's and births and the funerals, and the buildin', and I guess there

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln's chair in his law office.

wa'n't a yarn I'd heard in the three years and a half he had been away that I didn't spin fer him. Laugh—you ought to ha' heard him laugh—just did my heart good, fer I could see what they'd been doin' to him. Always a thin man, but, Lordy, he was thinner'n ever now, and his face was kind o' drawn and gray—enough to make you cry. Well, we had supper and then talked some more, and about ten o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but I said, 'Nope, Mr. Lincoln, can't; goin' back to Springfield to-morrow.' '*Billy*,' he says, '*what did you come down here for?*' 'I come to see you, Mr. Lincoln.' '*But you ain't asked me for anything, Billy. What is it? Out with it. Want a post office?*' 'No, Mr. Lincoln, just wanted to see you—felt kind o' lonesome—been so long since I'd seen you.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen his face as he looked at me. '*Billy Brown*,' he says, slow-like, '*do you mean to tell me you come all the way from Springfield, Illinois, just to have a visit with me?*'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'That's about it, and I'll be durned if I wouldn't go to Europe to see you, if I couldn't do it no other way, Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, sir, I never was so astonished in my life. He just grabbed my hand and shook it nearly off, and the tears just poured down his face, and he says: '*Billy, you never'll know what good you've done me.* I'm homesick, Billy, just plumb homesick, and it seems as if this war would never be over. Many a night I can see the boys a-dyin' on the fields and can hear their mothers cryin' for 'em at home, and I can't help 'em, Billy. I have to send 'em down there. *We've got to save the Union, Billy, we've got to.*' "

Lincoln's famous letter to a bereaved mother—the letter

is still hanging on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English —shows the great HEART of Lincoln, as well as his great MIND.

The letter was this:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

(Note.—After receiving the letter three of Mrs. Bixby's sons reported killed in battle came home to her, alive and well. Several families of the same name had been confused in the records.)

Attorney-General Bates used to say: "*Should the applicant be a woman, a wife, a mother, or a sister, in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, would be sure to prevail with Lincoln.*"

Even after General Butler had telegraphed from the field to Lincoln: "I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers," Lincoln's heart was so big that after listening to a plea for mercy for a soldier committed to death, he exclaimed: "*By Jings! Butler or no Butler, here goes!*" and wrote this order: "*Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.*" The old man who was pleading for his son's pardon was disappointed. He had come for a full pardon.

"*My old friend*," said Lincoln, "*I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death until further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah.*"

"It makes me rested," Lincoln used to say, "after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy, as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

And with this very quality of HEART—love for his fellow man—Lincoln won over even his enemies, and saved the Nation. His political rivals were astounded and puzzled over his popularity in Illinois,

when they arrived at the convention that nominated him. The Lincoln love spread over the North like a prairie fire. People said it was because he was a plain man of the people. That was true, but it was Lincoln's love that won the love of "all sorts and conditions of men." "Old Abe" was not a term of disrespect, but of endearment. When he, as President, called for troops, and more and more troops, the response was not of complaint, but of love:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,"

the armies sang as they marched to danger and to death. The soldiers fought for very love of Lincoln—the

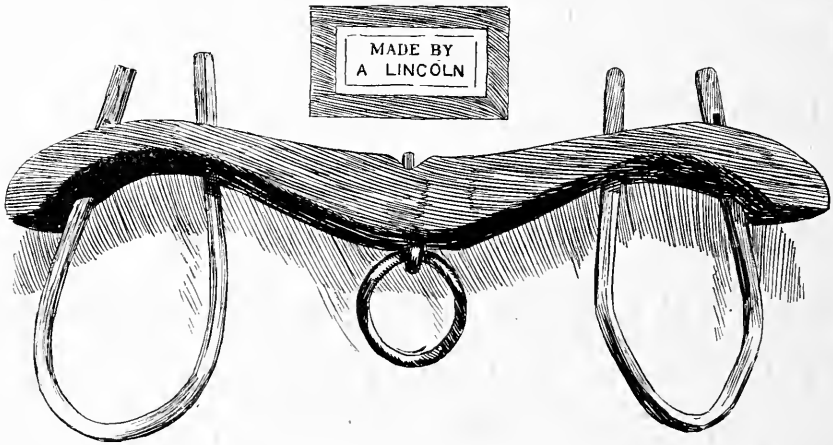
(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Review of the Army of the Potomac by President Lincoln.

President who showed on all occasions that he loved "the boys," as he called them. Stanton and the generals raved and stormed over Lincoln's "sickly sentimentality" in pardoning and reprieving and saving so many from death. But every loyal soldier knew the President *cared for him.*

Lincoln became the personification of all that the United States government stood for. *The soldiers' very loyalty was nine parts love for Lincoln.* Such devotion to a man was one of the miracles of history. The military devotion to Napoleon was nothing beside it, for that love flagged and finally failed. The love for Lincoln was grandly simple. *It was the response of millions to the Great Heart* at the seat of government. It was this love that received so many mothers', fathers', sisters' petitions, and brought joy and gratitude into so many homes, and sent many a woman away from his presence saying: "*Why do they tell that awful lie that Mr. Lincoln is an ugly man? Why,*

he has the most beautiful man's face I ever saw. He looks like an angel." AND HE WAS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT AND LIFE to thousands of anxious, broken hearts.



(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

An example of Lincoln's handicraft.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln in his prime.

CHAPTER IV

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF ACTION

"*If I ever get a chance to hit that thing* [meaning Slavery], I'LL HIT IT HARD"—said Lincoln at New Orleans one day when he saw a nearly white girl

auctioned off to the highest bidder in a slave market.

"I'LL HIT IT HARD"—that was the *strong will* of Lincoln that made him a master of men who often were mentally his superiors.

Yes, the Human Will is boss; it is the great dynamo that sets things in motion; backed by a strong body, a sound mind, and a true heart, it will triumph over all difficulties.

If slavery had not been hit hard—if its dragon head had not been pierced by the sword of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, *there would probably be no Republic of the United States to-day.*

Lincoln was not stubborn; but when he arrived at a sound

judgment, when his mind was completely made up, he carried the thing through to the end, and no man could balk him.

"*I have found my General*," he said one day in a little French toy-shop in Washington where he had gone to get some toys for his son Tad. The toymaker had fought with Napoleon and was telling the President, not knowing who he was, why Napoleon had conquered in his many battles. "*He goes where he wants to go*," said the toymaker.

Lincoln was placing upon the counter at the time the toy soldiers that he was buying for his little son. He stood in front the soldier who was dressed in the uniform of a general. The little pewter toy

fell over. The toymaker's wife said, in her broken English: "*He no good, him head heavy; this one will stand up straight*," and she picked out another soldier and placed him at the head of the column.

"*I have found my General*," muttered Lincoln under his breath as he went out of the toy-shop; "*one who can stand up and go where he wants to go*"—and the next day he appointed Grant commander-in-chief, in the face of great opposition, and the War reached the stage of "*the beginning of the end*."

Secretary Stanton's will was of unusual strength, yet it went down before the master will of Lincoln. Stanton was blustering about in the

White House one day, declaring that he could not and would not carry out certain instructions given him by the President. Old Dennis Hanks happened to be there, and he went to Lincoln and said: "*Abe, if I was as big as you are, I would take him* [Stanton] *over my knee and spank him.*" "*No,*" replied Lincoln; "*Stanton is an able and valuable man to this nation, and I am glad to bear with his anger for the service he can render the people.*" But when a Committee once came to the President and brought a message from Secretary Stanton, that he flatly refused to comply with the President's instructions, saying: "*If Lincoln gave you such an order as that, he is a blamed old fool.*" Lincoln went over to

the Secretary's office, saying: "*What Stanton says is nearly always right, and if he says I am a blamed fool, I must be one, but I guess I will stop over and see Stanton right now.*"

"But, Mr. President, it is impossible," said Stanton to Lincoln, when they came face to face, "it is unreasonable; I cannot do it."

"*Mr. Secretary,*" said Lincoln, "IT WILL HAVE TO BE DONE!" Lincoln's eyes looked into Stanton's — Stanton had met his master at last — the order was carried out.

Lincoln signed his immortal *Emancipation Proclamation*, freeing the slaves, on the first day of January, 1863. His strong will was again exemplified on that occasion in the

very manner in which he signed the document. "I have been shaking hands since 9 o'clock this morning," he said (at the regular New Year's reception), "and my right arm is almost paralyzed. *If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it.* If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say 'he hesitated.'"

Lincoln then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote

He then looked up, smiled, and said: "*That will do.*"

This is the immortal paper Lincoln signed, freeing the slaves:

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

January 1, 1863.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln's inkstand.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof

respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose to do so, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne and Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforth shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

By the President:
William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

CHAPTER V

THE LESSON OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

And now, what is the lesson of Lincoln's life—for boys and girls, for the American people, and even for all the world? For a great missionary once said that if he could get all of the four hundred millions of people in China to read the simple narrative of Lincoln's life, it would do more good than

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln before his election, 1860.

all that has yet been accomplished.

Is Lincoln merely to be held up as a poor boy, without birth or family, without prestige or "pull" or environment, who became President of the United States?—an example of the American notion that all men are born free and equal, and that even the poorest born can become the ruler of the Nation—is this all that Lincoln stands for?

Are we to look upon Lincoln as the Man of Destiny, raised up by Providence in the crisis of the American Rebellion to save the Union—as other men before have been raised up as saviors in world crises?

Are we to hold up Lincoln only as another example of the self-made man?

No; the true lesson of Lincoln's life is this: *He was a* FULL-ROUNDED MAN—the man of *physical strength*, the man of *master mind*, the man of *great heart*, and the man of *strong will*—and only the FULL-ROUNDED MAN can accomplish that great success in life which is enduring.

Napoleon was a man of great physical strength and endurance, yes; and he was a man of great mind, yes; and he was a man of tremendous will, yes—*but he lacked a true heart; and because of this serious lack in his make-up, Napoleon's wonderful success turned later into disastrous ruin.*

The man who lives in history, the man who accomplishes great, enduring works for civilization, is the man, you will always find, *who had the four great sides of true manhood*—a strong BODY, a well-developed MIND, a true HEART, and a strong, safe WILL.

If you would be helped by this little *Primer on Abraham Lincoln*, think always of him as the man who did things—

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH
WITH ALL HIS MIND
WITH ALL HIS HEART
WITH ALL HIS WILL.

And if you happen to inherit a weak body (which, however, can be strengthened by right living), or feel that your

mind has not the capacity of a great scholar's, remember that your HEART is your very own and *that your heart is what you make it.*

And remember that in Lincoln it was his *Heart* that prompted the *Emancipation Proclamation.* It was his Head that was too slow for the Northern abolitionists. It was his Heart that crowned his life with immortal success.

And it was because of his great HEART that when Lincoln was assassinated, millions of grown men wept, men who had never been known to weep, even over their own private griefs and losses—"*wept with the passion of an angry grief.*"

Whatever may be said about inequalities of mental gifts or of the accidents of birth or fortune, the HEART *is the one thing in which all of us are created free and equal.* It may grow up in kindness and love, or be allowed to grow rank with malice and hatred. Lincoln's life-story stands beside that of Joseph and of Moses. Throughout his difficult and stormy career it was his HEART that kept *Lincoln true and made him live the life expressed* in those immortal words which he uttered only a few days before his martyrdom: "*With malice toward none; with charity for all.*"

LINCOLN ADDENDA

Lincoln's Autobiography

Lincoln Chronology

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech

Lincoln's Address in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

Lincoln's Ambition

Lincoln's Appeal for the Declaration of Independence: "Let Me Entreat You to Come Back!"

Lincoln's Famous Sayings

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Springfield, December 20, 1859.

J. W. Fell, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

Herewith is a little sketch, as you requested. There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material. . . .

(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln in 1848—earliest known picture of Lincoln. (From collection of Mr. F. H. Meserve, New York City.)

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family by the name of Hanks. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were

Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. . . .

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three." . . . There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. . . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity. . . .

I was raised to farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk, in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I was ever beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was elected to the Lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri

Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since is pretty well known.

If any personal description is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks and brands recollected.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN CHRONOLOGY

1806—Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks married, June 12, in Kentucky.

1809—Birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, in Hardin, now La Rue County, Ky.

1816—Removal to Indiana, where the family settled in the neighborhood of Gentryville.

1818—Death of Abraham Lincoln's mother.

1828—First trip in a flat-boat to New Orleans.

1830—Removal of the Lincolns to Macon County, Illinois.

1831—Second trip to New Orleans, returning from which Abraham leaves his father's cabin behind him and settles in New Salem, a small town on the Sangamon River, to become a clerk in Denton Offutt's store.

1832—Announces his candidacy for the Illinois Legislature, and enlists for the Black Hawk War. Upon his return he is defeated for the Legislature, the only defeat he ever suffered at the hands of the people. Establishes the firm of Berry & Lincoln, "grocery keepers," in New Salem.

1833—Appointed postmaster in New Salem. Closes the "grocery" later, to study surveying and read law.

1834—Elected to the Illinois Legislature by a large majority.

1835—Death of his first love, Anne Rutledge.

1836—Re-elected to the Legislature.

1837—Settles in Springfield, the county seat, to take up the practice of law with Major John T. Stuart.

1838—Re-elected to the Legislature, in which he is the Whig candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives.

1840—Re-elected to the Legislature, again to be his party's candidate for Speaker. "Stumps" the State for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

1841—Forms law partnership with Stephen T. Logan under the firm name of Logan & Lincoln.

1842—Duel with James Shields, and marriage, November 4, to Mary Todd.

1844—Heads Illinois' electoral ticket for Henry Clay, the Whig candidate for President.

1845—Law firm of Lincoln & Herndon organized.

1846—Elected to Congress over Peter Cartwright, frontier evangelist and Democrat.

1848—"Stumps" the Eastern States for Zachary Taylor.

1849—Failure to secure the appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office. Offered the Governorship of Oregon, which he declines on his wife's account.

1854—The principle of popular sovereignty proclaimed, and the first of Lincoln's debates with Stephen A. Douglas on the slavery question, but becomes the Anti-Nebraskan candidate for United States Senator, withdrawing later in favor of Lyman Trumbull, who is elected.

1856—Joins the Republican party, and receives 110 votes for Vice-President on the first Republican national ticket, headed by John C. Fremont.

1858—Contests Douglas's seat in the United States Senate in a remarkable series of debates, but fails of election, though the large popular vote was in his favor.

1859—Speaks for the Republicans of Ohio at Columbus and Cincinnati, and visits Kansas.

1860—Cooper Institute speech in New York City in February, followed by a tour of New England, with speeches in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Illinois Republicans at Decatur make him their candidate for President. Nominated over William H. Seward, of New York, for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention, and elected as the "Rail Candidate" in November.

1861—Leaves Springfield for Washington, speaking at many points in Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania on his way. Inaugurated President of the United States, March 4. Assault upon Fort Sumter, April 12, and beginning of the War. Disastrous Federal reverse at Bull Run on July 21. Calls for troops. Seizure of Mason and Slidell, and a narrow escape from war with Great Britain.

1862—McClellan's advance into Virginia for the unsuccessful Peninsular campaign. Pope's undoing at the second battle of Bull Run, and the battle of Antietam, which checked Lee's northern movement. Emancipation policy announced, September 22. McClellan relieved from duty, to be followed by Burnside.

1863—Emancipation proclaimed, January 1. The disaster at Fredericksburg. Appointment of Hooker to command the Army of the Potomac. The battle of Chancellorsville and Lee's determination to invade the North. Meade supersedes Hooker. The battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, by which the Confederates are driven South again. Grant's capture of Vicksburg, July 4, and his appointment to command all the Western armies. The victories around Chattanooga.

1864—Grant appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in March. Lincoln renominated for the Presidency. The bloody battles of the Wilderness and Grant's march to Petersburg. Sheridan's operations in the Shenandoah Valley. Sherman's capture of Atlanta, and his march to the sea. Election of Lincoln for a second term, over McClellan, the Democratic candidate.

1865—Thirteenth Amendment passed by Congress and referred to the States. Hampton Roads conference with Confederate Commissioners, February 3. Lee's evacuation of Richmond and his surrender to Grant, April 9. Lincoln visits Richmond, returning from which he is shot by John Wilkes Booth, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14. Death on April 15, and burial in Springfield, Illinois, May 4.

FROM LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL

March 4, 1861.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

FROM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL

March 4, 1865.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting place among ourselves, and with all nations.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION

Delivered November 19, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have lived in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT INDEPENDENCE HALL

Philadelphia, February 22, 1861.

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live.

You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence, I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have

said something indiscreet. But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

LINCOLN'S AMBITION

From an address to the people of Sangamon County, issued March 9, 1832.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined.

"LET ME ENTREAT YOU TO COME BACK!"

From Lincoln's speech at Lewistown, Ill., August 17, 1858, during the Douglas Debate, a speech which the "Chicago Tribune" called Lincoln's greatest inspiration.

My countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence, if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable

rights in our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back! Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. . . . You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles; you may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. . . . I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity—the Declaration of Independence.

SHORT SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From Wayne Whipple's *Story Life of Lincoln.*)

Work, work, work!
Give the boys a chance.
Hold on with a bull-dog grip.
All in that one word, *Thorough!*
I'm nothing, but truth is everything.
Let none falter who thinks he is right.
Freedom is the last, best hope of earth.
Don't swap horses in crossing a stream.
We are indeed the treasury of the world.
Let us have faith that right makes might.
Public opinion in this country is everything.
Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.
I am free from any taint of personal triumph.
Calling a sheep's tail a leg doesn't make it so.
Wealth is a superfluity of what we don't need.
With malice toward none, with charity for all.
Like a seven-foot whistle on a five-foot boiler.
Many have got into a *habit* of being dissatisfied.
Let them laugh as long as the thing works well.
I know I am right, because I know Liberty is right.

When you can't remove an obstacle, *plough around it.*

That some are rich shows that others may become rich.

If you have made a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.

I call these weekly receptions my "public opinion baths."

Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.

Discourage litigation. There will still be business enough.

God bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe to her.

If elected I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union.

Faith in God is indispensable to successful statesmanship.

When you have written a wrathful letter—*put it in the stove.*

Be sure to put your feet in the right place; then stand firm.

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong.

My boy, never *try* to be President! If you do, you never will be.

If men never began to drink, they would never become drunkards.

Don't shoot too high—aim low and the common people will understand.

For thirty years I have been a temperance man and am too old to change.

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

The Lord must love the common people—that's why He made so many of them.

Now, sonny, keep that (temperance) pledge and it will be the best act of your life.

I want it said of me that I plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

A man has no time to spend in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him.

You may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

If all that has been said in praise of woman were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. God bless the women of America!

WANAMAKER—ORIGINATOR

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on

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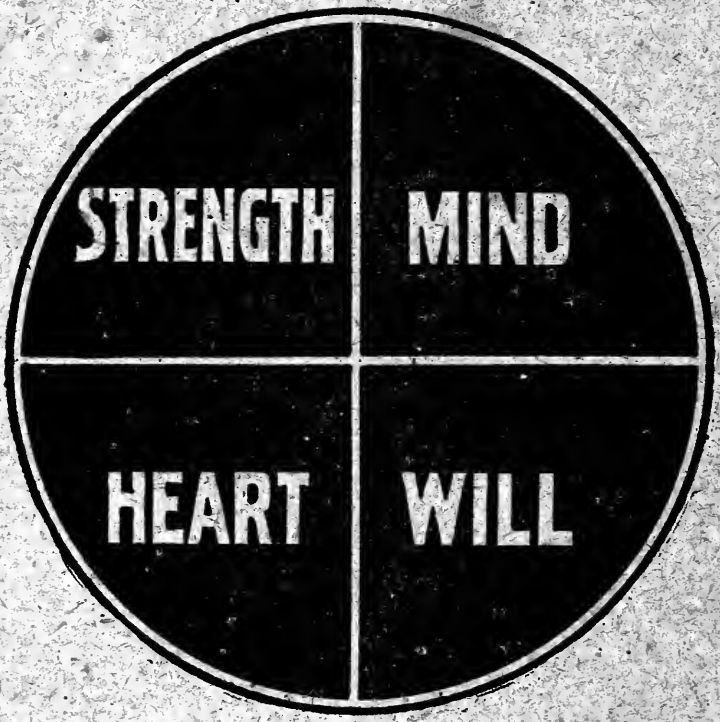

The Full-Rounded Man

The Typical American
Example of

The Rule of Four

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